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Aye—but as earth's dark vapours, seen
Afar in heaven, seem gilt with glory,
 So memory robes in glittering sheen
 The *distant* woes of youthful story—
 A sun-light on the past !

And there were joys,—the simple mind,
 The mirror of the passing hour,—
 Whose pure thoughts, like the playful wind,
 Bore perfume off from every flower !
 Oh happy, guileless past !

The infant's bird-like song unchecked,
 The lone walk in the leafy grove,
 The nosegay culled,—the bow'net decked,—
 The word of peace,—the look of love,—
 Ah ! why are these—the past ?

And then—as childhood waned, the *ONE*
 With whom unseen we loved to share
 (Nor knew we loved,) each joy, and run
 Alone amid the summer air !
 The first love of the past !

And then—cease, torturer, memory !
 Though Time perhaps has softened pain,
 It cannot force the fire to flee,
 That dries my heart, and sears my brain !
 Oh call not back the past !

Or if thou wilt,—of her be dumb,
 And rend not quite my bursting breast ;
 Sigh—weep—but oh ! let *her* not come
 Between a wither'd soul and rest !
 Be that *indeed* the past !

Weep then the past !—weep for the past !
 When smiling lips and sparkling eyes—
 All, all that charms, and *seems* to last,
 Were rainbows for our morning skies—
 A sad tear for the past !

Sigh for the past !—sigh for the past !
 The vanished dreams of joy and youth ;
 Ere Time, the wizard dark, had cast
 His spell, and called the mockery, truth !
 A deep sigh for the past !

W. A. B. Trin. Col.

PERSONAL SKETCH—SIR EDWARD SUGDEN.

The solicitor-general for England, when he divests himself of his wig and gown, and is so indiscreet as to leave the court of chancery, and enter the house of commons, is one of the plainest little men in the world. "*Optat ephippia Bos piger*," applies forcibly to the learned gentleman ; and, certainly, but for its usual occurrence, it might appear strange that the individual should aspire to a character, in which he can never shine ; and that the government should appoint him to a situation, for the parliamentary duties of which, at least, he is by nature peculiarly unfitted. But this is the age of wonders. And while the merchants of Liverpool have almost annihilated time and space ; and are, as it is gravely said, projecting companies to convey passengers to the moon—our ministry, the Duke—is working miracles equally won-

derful and prodigious: he selects every stupid man in society, and thrusts him into parliament and the cabinet, his object being to prove, which he has done to a demonstration, that consummate ignorance, and unparalleled dulness, are excellent ingredients in the composition of a statesman: he says, there is nothing like a good foundation of stupidity to begin with. He also manifests his wonderful discrimination in nothing more than in this, that he always appoints a man to an office, when he has shown that his talents—if he has any—lie in an opposite direction: for example—if a young man translates German poetry, he is himself translated into the office of secretary of state for Ireland—soldiers he converts into civilians: and if he has the good fortune to light upon a decent clerk, he makes the worthy person chancellor of the exchequer; and lo! suddenly, the new-born financier evinces the ingenuity of a Necker, and wins every heart by the surpassing splendour of his eloquence. So, the solicitor-general, being intimately conversant with the laws of real property, and competent beyond all others to draw bills, frame answers, and argue cases in equity, the Duke consistently said, “I will make an orator of Sugden;” and so sent him into parliament, in which place, let us pay him a visit.

From the gallery of the house of commons, a stranger might see in the perspective, a small insignificant person standing by the table with his hat in his hand, and, to all appearance, conversing with the speaker; sometimes turning his face towards the gallery, talking on in a spiritless unimpassioned strain—he is neither cheered nor coughed: his rising up and sitting down, create no sensation, but are alike unmarked and unheeded. The lawyers’ clerks declare, with their usual critical acumen, that the solicitor-general is a fine argumentative speaker, which, being interpreted, means, that he is the personification of dulness, *et par consequence*, on a level with the meanest capacity. While he speaks, you sit like a log, unmoved and unaffected; for he possesses not the power to stir the feelings, or to touch the heart: ever cold, rapid, and uninteresting, he is incapable of conceiving or uttering any thing brilliant or impressive. How could it be otherwise! Is oratory a mere matter of course, a thing easily acquired, and when acquired, of small moment and importance? Can a man of fifty—and above all, an equity lawyer, of long practice in his craft, learned in cases, and ignorant of every thing else, with his mind contracted by the technicalities of a perplexed and artificial system, Proteus-like, convert himself at once into an orator? A being, who from his youth, has been tutored by habit to the quiet and cautious expression of his thoughts in a court, where, to evince genius or eloquence, would be fatal to their luckless possessor—to display one touch of sensibility, would justly merit, as it would most certainly receive, the pity and derision of the bar! How Mr. Roupell would stare! and Mr. Pepys stand aghast, in amazement and horror, at such monstrous proceedings. They would exclaim, there was no precedent for such revolutionary innovations in Peere Williams, Atkyns, or Vesey, junior: they would say no more; and bagging their briefs, would plod their way to their chambers, indulging in delightful speculations upon anticipated fees. Eloquence would indeed be degraded into a trade. Could it be acquired in a place where, if it did venture to raise its voice, it would be silenced at once, and for ever? A court of equity is a bad school for oratory; nor would it be congenial to its purposes, that the attention of the judge should be directed from the sober business before him, by declamation or display. He then, who aspires to the glory of the orator, must cultivate his talents in another, and a far different

school: he must struggle for eminence and fame, where the fearless expression of opinion is allowed and encouraged; where he may have unbounded liberty to inveigh, defend, and to accuse, clothing the subtlest logic with the richest imagery, while he commands the applause of listening senates, and strikes terror into the hearts of tyrants, and their mercenary tools. These are the high behests of him who has tasted, and can appreciate the exquisite beauties of Tully, and whose heart beats with joy and enthusiasm, while he freshens his recollection of the immortal relics of the "old man eloquent." Such a man, Sir Edward Sugden is not: he may have heard, "that in olden time, when the streets were paved with penny rolls, and the houses tiled with pancakes," there lived such a person as Demosthenes; but further, the deponent knoweth not. A Romilly or a Plunkett may practise in the driest department of the law, without being trammelled by its forms; such men may apply their minds to the most technical details, because gifted with the master-spirit to see through, and soar beyond them. They are the shining examples to their equitable brethren; but they were men of large and comprehensive minds, and brought to the study of the profession, to which they condescended to belong, a free inquiry and philosophic spirit: the brilliancy of their career was but the consequence of their transcendent talents; and their names will live, when chancellors are forgotten, immortalized by their actions in the cause of freedom, by their nervous eloquence and unrivalled genius. What foolish ambition induced Sir Edward to become a parliament man? Could he have fancied, from a total ignorance of his untried powers, to have earned a lasting reputation, like the illustrious individuals to whom I have alluded? If so, how miserable must be his disappointment, and what a striking example does the result of his experiment afford, of the baneful effects of vanity and false ambition! By intense application, he made himself a consummate lawyer, and fell into the terrible mistake, that because he was a lawyer, he must also be a statesman. Shades of Pitt and Burke! look down in pity upon the bantling statesmen of modern times—the little-minded people, who fret, and bustle, and fuss—making much noise, but doing no work. If the solicitor-general possessed a sensible friend, that friend might have thus accosted him: "My dear Sugden, by meritorious exertion, a clear head, and unabated perseverance, you have raised yourself from the lowest to the highest situation in the land: you were a writing-clerk—and, to your eternal honour be it spoken—without patronage or wealth, you have made yourself solicitor-general of England. While you are well, keep yourself so—*ne sutor ultra crepidam*, which means, let the lawyer keep to his craft, ought to be engrafted on your heart: you have received no education in your youth—you have taught yourself law, but nothing else—you have not the most distant conception of what eloquence is—you never addressed a more numerous audience than the Court of Chancery presents—you could not stir a popular assembly; and even if you were not unfitted by nature for so mighty a task, a man at fifty is too old to learn." His ambition conquered his prudence, and Sugden, the conveyancer, strutted forth in the new capacity of a statesman. The public, unquestionably, entertain a singular notion as to the peculiar or exclusive fitness of lawyers for the exalted duties of the senator. Pitt, they say, was a lawyer, and went the circuit; so was Perceval; Grattan was called; and Burke and Canning were educated for the bar—a formidable list of names, but scarcely a practising barrister amongst them.

Now for our learned brethren of the present day, who, it will be at once admitted, cast their illustrious predecessors into the shade. The attorney-general, Scarlet comes first—never says a word, perhaps, wisely. Mr. Twiss grown modest and taciturn of late. Mr. Campbell, a finished proser; besides whom, two or three puny persons, dignified with the appellation of honourable and learned, are to be found in the ranks of the government. At the other side, are to be found, Mr. Robert Grant, a fair speaker, and an honest man. Macauley of the Edinburgh, who, from his pert and flippant insolence, has disappointed and disgusted every body but his partizans and himself. Brougham's brother, of the Chancery bar, who considers, and fairly, that the member for York speaks enough for all the family. Mr. Denman, ardent and impassioned, whose manly tones, and rounded periods, while he zealously advocates popular rights, delight, if they do not instruct, his hearers. The honest Sir Charles, a fine old Tory. And lastly, of the English lawyers, King Harry the great. The Irish barristers cut but a poor figure. Mr. O'Connell *might* have attained some character for bold and manly oratory; but his utter incapacity to speak the truth has been proved; and he can no longer hope to command respect for himself, or credence for his assertions. Messrs. Doherty and North have made some parliamentary character as speakers, though but little in the way of patriotism. Mr. Moore is looked upon as a discreet, sensible, gentlemanly person, without any pretensions to energy or eloquence. Mr. Lefroy has not yet opened his mouth, and whether he will do so, is doubtful. Mr. Shaw has spoken on the presentation of a petition, but in a strain so pensive as to provoke the laughter of the house. Now, this long list does not show a second individual of brilliant talents or commanding eloquence; while undoubtedly it does many men of black letter reputation—men, who like Sugden, are eminent as lawyers, but insignificant as statesmen. Gentlemen who can move motions before the chancellor, or in the king's bench, must not expect or presume to direct affairs of state, or govern the opinion of a public, more enlightened, or better educated than themselves; nor must they suppose that their legal reputation will atone for their shallowness on other and momentous subjects.

The deficiency of Sir Edward in knowledge and statesman-like qualities, was glaringly exhibited in the memorable debate on the Regency Question, last session: he undertook to vindicate the conduct of the government; and had the incredible folly to match himself with Mr. Brougham; the latter gentleman, however, lectured the solicitor in a way which he will not readily forget: he complimented him upon his parliamentary infancy, and desisted not, till he had turned the adventurous crown lawyer into the most complete derision; every member in the house enjoyed the scene, and while laughing right heartily, congratulating himself that he was not the object of the bitter irony of Mr. Brougham; and hailed with the most rapturous applause, the finest display of powerful eloquence which ever shook the walls of parliament. That my readers may have an exact conception of the figure this gentleman cuts in parliament, I will, as lawyers do, "put a case." Suppose Messrs. Green, Litton, and O'Loughlin, K. C., were elected members of the house of commons; persons for whom, in their peculiar sphere, no other feeling can be entertained, save that of deep respect; for unquestionably, as lawyers, they display singular ability; what success would they obtain? I select these gentlemen for an example, because they are about the same size as Sir Edward Sugden, and because, like him,

they are, though in a very inferior degree, black-letter men. Hypothetically, I may venture to place them on the treasury bench; let the question for discussion be a petition on parliamentary reform—Mr. O’Loughlin’s speech might run thus: “Mr. Speaker, I humbly move this matter be disposed of, as the cases before decided on this point warrant; namely, that the petition be dismissed with costs.” To this glorious effort, Burdett or Denman might deliver a befitting reply. Mr. Green would say but little, looking prodigiously grave, and keeping his eye fixed intently upon the attorney-general, while Mr. Litton, with characteristic prudence, might be observed smiling most facetiously upon Mr Daniel Whittle Harvey, the only attorney, *et par consequence*, the most incorruptible patriot in the house.

I have dwelt too long upon the solicitor-general’s parliamentary career; let lawyers mark it, presenting as it does to their consideration, a not unuseful lesson. Of Sir Edward Sugden’s legal attainments and qualifications, it is difficult to speak in terms of sufficient praise; his knowledge is various, comprehensive, and minute, the fruit of hard labour, painful study, and indefatigable research; he may fairly prize it highly, for he has gathered it from the most remote and difficult sources in the law. Unlike the young gentlemen who skip Coke, their only purpose being to shuffle through their business with the least possible quantity of professional knowledge, he submitted for years to the severest drudgery, stored his mind with the most profound theoretical principles, and rendered his hand familiar with the most technical and practical details. He was a conveyancer’s clerk, and has fought his way manfully up the hill of legal fame and honour—his legal capabilities cannot be questioned: he is admitted to be the best property lawyer in Westminster-hall; and his opinion is regarded as the soundest in England; in all equity courts he is supreme—the matter is in him—and he pours forth his information unsparingly; he seems to have arranged no plan, to have prepared no speech, thinking it enough to understand the subject thoroughly; the consequence of which is, that he often stops where the listener may suppose him to be in the middle of his subject, or continues speaking when you suppose he has arrived at the end of his discourse. There is nothing precise or settled in his manner, nor does he speak soberly and calmly like most of our eminent Chancery practitioners—the weightiest briefs do not seem to oppress him; his gown hangs lightly on his shoulders; he bustles about with activity, and speaks with confidence bordering upon carelessness. He is disliked by his professional brethren, both junior and senior, for towards them his behaviour is unkind and contumacious. I have heard from the most unquestionable authority, that when asked a trifling question, as when he will move such a motion, he will reply in a *curl* and unsatisfactory manner. It is easy for one man to wound the feelings of another, without proceeding far enough in his insolence to justify a severe retaliation; and, above all, it is easy for an eminent barrister, by a sarcastic remark, or even an unkind look, to destroy the character and prospects of his unoffending junior. What can be said of such consummate baseness? The man who can wilfully pervert his power to so vile a purpose, betrays a selfishness of disposition, meanness of intellect, and badness of heart, disgraceful even to the most depraved of mankind. Sir Edward’s behaviour may not merit such unqualified condemnation, but unless he is greatly belied by some of his legal brethren, his conduct to them who, as gentlemen are his equals, is contumacious in the extreme. Behaviour such as this it was which drew down the wrath of Sir Charles

Wetherell, and produced the laughable and, as it turned out, harmless explosion in the Court of Chancery ; the effect of which, however, was to teach the solicitor to be uncivil only to persons who were less mettlesome than Sir Charles. Sir Edward has ensured his legal fame by something more solid and important than his arguments in Court ; the works which he has written are unrivalled by modern professional authors for learning, acuteness, and practical utility. He has the vanity, scarcely pardonable, to quote his own work on Powers in open court, by referring to it emphatically as "*the book on Powers*." But a few nights since, in the house of commons, he declaimed about the certainty of the English law—for the glorious uncertainty of which his own book on Titles is the best proof—he consumes some fifty pages in exposing, with skill and clearness, the dangerous fallacies of recent decisions in the King's Bench—decisions deemed to be law by the conveyancers and the Courts of Equity, and which are of the most vital importance, affecting as they do the title to every landed property in the kingdom.

His political character may be summed up in a word—he is a "truckler." He professed to be a follower of Lord Eldon, and an ardent admirer of his principles ; nevertheless, without even condescending to assign a reason for his apostacy, he changed his opinions to gain a place, and he would change them again to-morrow to preserve it. He had a high respect for the Earl of Eldon's integrity and consistency, but prudence and expediency whispered that by deserting his lordship's party, he might gain his lordship's place, and he obeyed accordingly so admirable a suggestion. His eyes, no doubt, rested in delightful anticipation on the woolsack, and he was encumbered with no useless load of honesty or patriotism to arrest his progress or impede his ascent.—Lord Lyndhurst's career held out a bright example of how much might be effected by timely compliance and an obliging deportment, both of which excellent qualifications, happily blended in his lordship, mainly tended to elevate him to the woolsack which he so peculiarly adorned. Naturally he admired Sir Edward, and Sir Edward admired him, and they mutually instructed each other in law and literature. Sir Edward addressed Lord Lyndhurst as a friend, while he dictated to the Vice-Chancellor in a tone of authority, which latter functionary, conscious of his own insufficiency, feared to interrupt or censure so great a man as the author "*of the book on Powers*." Thus all things were going on smoothly and happily, when the ministry, alas ! were suddenly defeated, notwithstanding the vast accession of strength which they have derived from the senatorial eloquence of Sir Edward Sugden, and the singular integrity of Lord Lyndhurst. Even while I write, perhaps, the fate of these enterprising lawyers is for ever sealed ; and they are dismissed to make way for men more honest and sincere. They will have time for reflecting on the instability of fortune, and the uncertainty of all human possessions, and possibly may contemplate a fresh triumph to be won at the expense of honour and consistency. A conscientious relinquishment of old and erroneous opinions deserves, as it receives, the highest praise ; but profligate and shameless apostacy merits and obtains an unqualified contempt. Men should beware, however, how they adopt their political creed, or attach themselves to a party ; but when they have done so, they should adhere to them tenaciously and fearlessly ; or if they do think proper to recant their errors, it should appear obvious to the public that the recantation has not been made from mean, sordid, and place-hunting purposes.

Of this gentleman's moral character little that is favourable can be said. Deprived of the inestimable advantage of an early and liberal education, unaccustomed to the charms of society, and a stranger to those pure and unmixed delights which the lover of literature alone can appreciate and enjoy, he formed a disreputable connexion, and several years after made atonement for his folly, by marrying the object of his indiscreet attachment. This mode of proceeding, however scandalous it may be thought in Ireland, is not very unusual among the learned gentlemen of England. The English bench at this moment verifies the remark. Barristers, whose entire days are devoted to professional drudgery, have often neither time nor inclination for a tedious courtship; and their hastily-selected brides do not always display either polish or education. Unquestionably, men who have led immoral lives ought not to be raised to the Bench, by a government which supports a numerous and enlightened clergy to watch over the morality and virtue of the people. Can a judge punish others for the infraction of those sacred obligations which he has himself broken? Will he exert his authority for the repression of the profligacy and vice of which he has himself been guilty? Lawyers should be elevated to the seat of Justice, not for their learning alone—they should likewise be men of spotless integrity in their public character, and of unsullied purity in their private lives. Such an opinion may perhaps be laughed at in these good times of liberalism and refinement, when religion is scouted, and morality condemned—but if it receive the sanction of the virtuous and the wise, the writer can afford to despise the scoffs and slanders of dissolute and abandoned knaves. Enough has been said to show, that such a man as the subject of this sketch ought not to be invested with any portion of the Church patronage of England. It might be placed in worthier and safer hands; in the hands of men who would not elevate to the highest dignities in the Church, whiffers and apostates, but clergymen steady in principle, of fervent piety and uncompromising virtue, to adorn the Church by their moral goodness, to defend it by their learning, and to establish it in the hearts of men by the soundness of their doctrines, and the unblemished purity of their lives.

W.

DEMONOLOGY—DREAMS AND APPARITIONS.

SIR—I shall ever maintain, careless of gainsayers, that the old Irish practice of sending children out to nurse with the peasantry, was productive of many advantages; and, I assert, that the gentry of the present generation, more especially on the western-side of the Shannon, who have been reared at home, know, and feel to their cost, that they are in many respects behind their forefathers, and that inferiority is mainly owing to the cause I have just mentioned. Allow me, Sir, to adduce an instance or two of this degradation—first, the constitutions of the home-bred youths are not so strong. Let physicians argue, and poets declaim as they may, against a mother resigning the nursing of her child to a hireling—I maintain, that it is better to consign the infant into the comely arms of a peasant's wife, whose constitution has been strengthened by labour—whose blood is as cool and wholesome as her diet—whose hours are regular, and sleep sound; than let the little being depend for nourishment on the luxurious lacteals of a mother, whose ladylike constitution is enfeebled by irregular hours, and unna-